Buſh. Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious Lady.)
Queene. Tis nothingleſſe, Conceite is ſtill deriude
From ſome forefather Griefe, mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething griefe,
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuerſion that *I* doe poſſeſſe:
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis nameleſſe woe I wot. * *Enter Greene 4.*
Greene. God ſaue your Maieſtie, & well met gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.
Queene. Why hopeſt thou ſo? tis better hope he is,
For his deſignes craue haſt, his haſt good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
Greene. That he our hope might haue retirde his power
And driuen into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land,
The baniſht *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vplifted armes is ſafe ariude at *Rauenſpurgh.*
Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.
Greene. Ah Madam, tis too true; and that is worſe:
The Lord Northumberland, his young Son H. Percie,
The Lords of Roſſe, Beaumond, and Willoughbie,
With all their powerfull friends, are fled to him.
Buſh. Why haue you not proclaimd Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolting faction, traytours?
Greene. We haue, whereupon the Earle of Worceſter,
Hath broke his Staffe, reſignd his Stewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullingbroke.*
Qeene. So Greene, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke, my ſorrowes diſmall heire:
Now hath my ſoule brought foorth her prodigie,
And I a gaſping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioynd.
Buſh. Diſpaire not Madam.
Qneene. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire and be at enmitie
With couetous hope, he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper backe of death,

Who

Who gently would diſſo
Which falſe hope linger
Greene. Heere comes
Queene. With ſignes
Oh full of carefull buſin
Vnckle, for Gods ſake ſp
Yorke. Should I do ſo
Comfort's in heauen, an
Where nothing liues bu
Your Husband he is gon
Whilſt others come to n
Heere am I left to vnder
Who weake with age, ca
Now comes the ſicke ho
Now ſhall he trie his frie
Seruing. My Lord, yo
Yorke. He was, why ſ
The Nobles they are fle
And will (I feare) reuo
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhi
Bid her ſend me preſen
Hold take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had
To day I came by and
But I ſhall grieue you to
Yorke. What i'ſt kna
Ser. An houre befor
Yorke. God for his m
Comes ruſhing on this
I know not what to doe
(So my vntruth had no
The King had cut of m
What, are there two P
How ſhall we doe for m
Come Siſter, Coſin I
Goe fellow, get thee ho
And bring away the A
Gentlemen, will you g

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